No. 124 JUNE Ten Cents

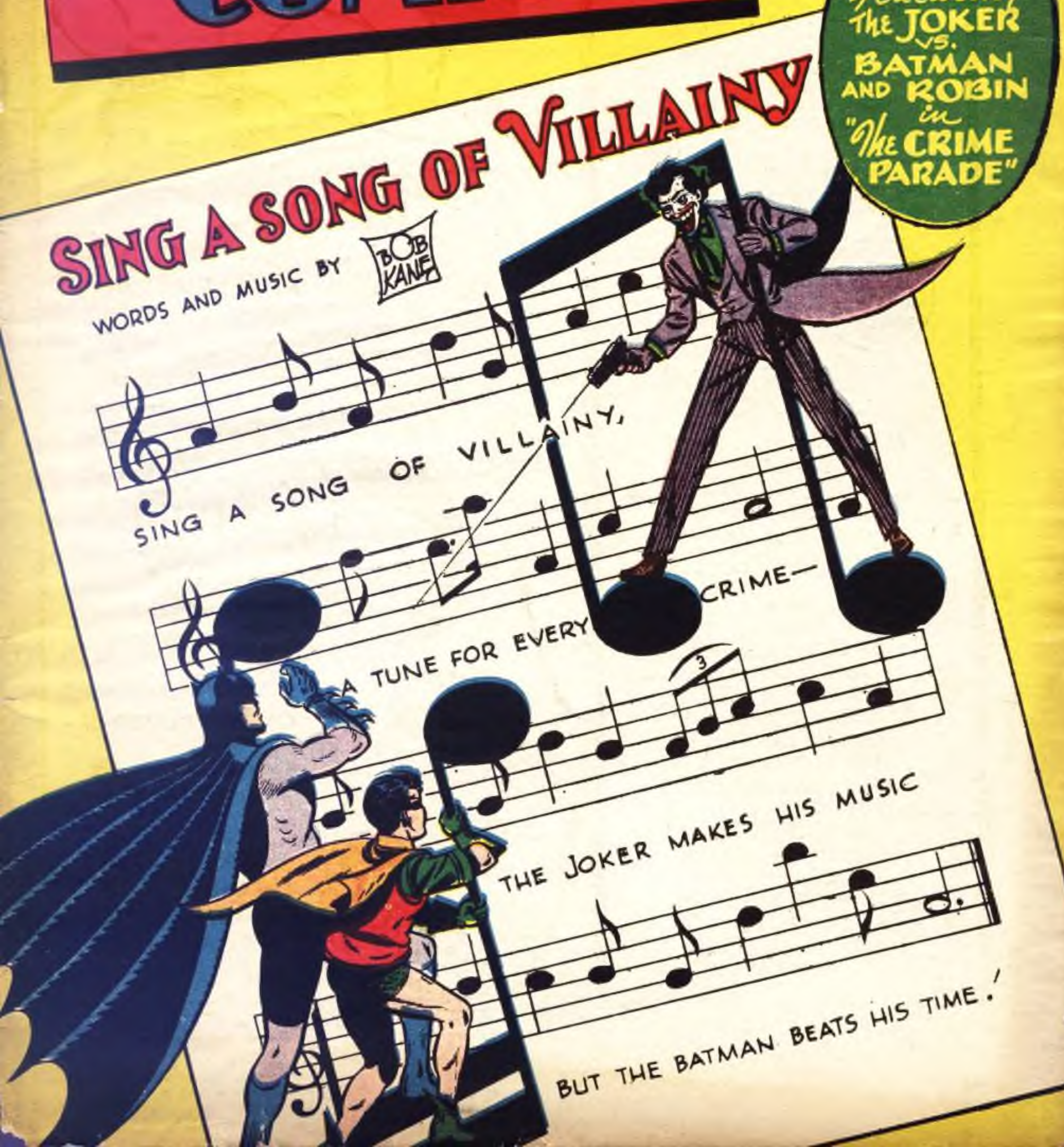
BATMAN

Detective COMICS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC INC

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE

A SMASH HIT Featuring THE JOKER vs. BATMAN AND ROBIN in "THE CRIME PARADE"



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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

is for TAPIR,
A COUSIN TO RHINO,
WHO'LL TELL YOU
THIS SYMBOL
MEANS BOOKS THAT
ARE FINE-OH!

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

—ON THE COVER OF
BOY COMMANDOS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY** COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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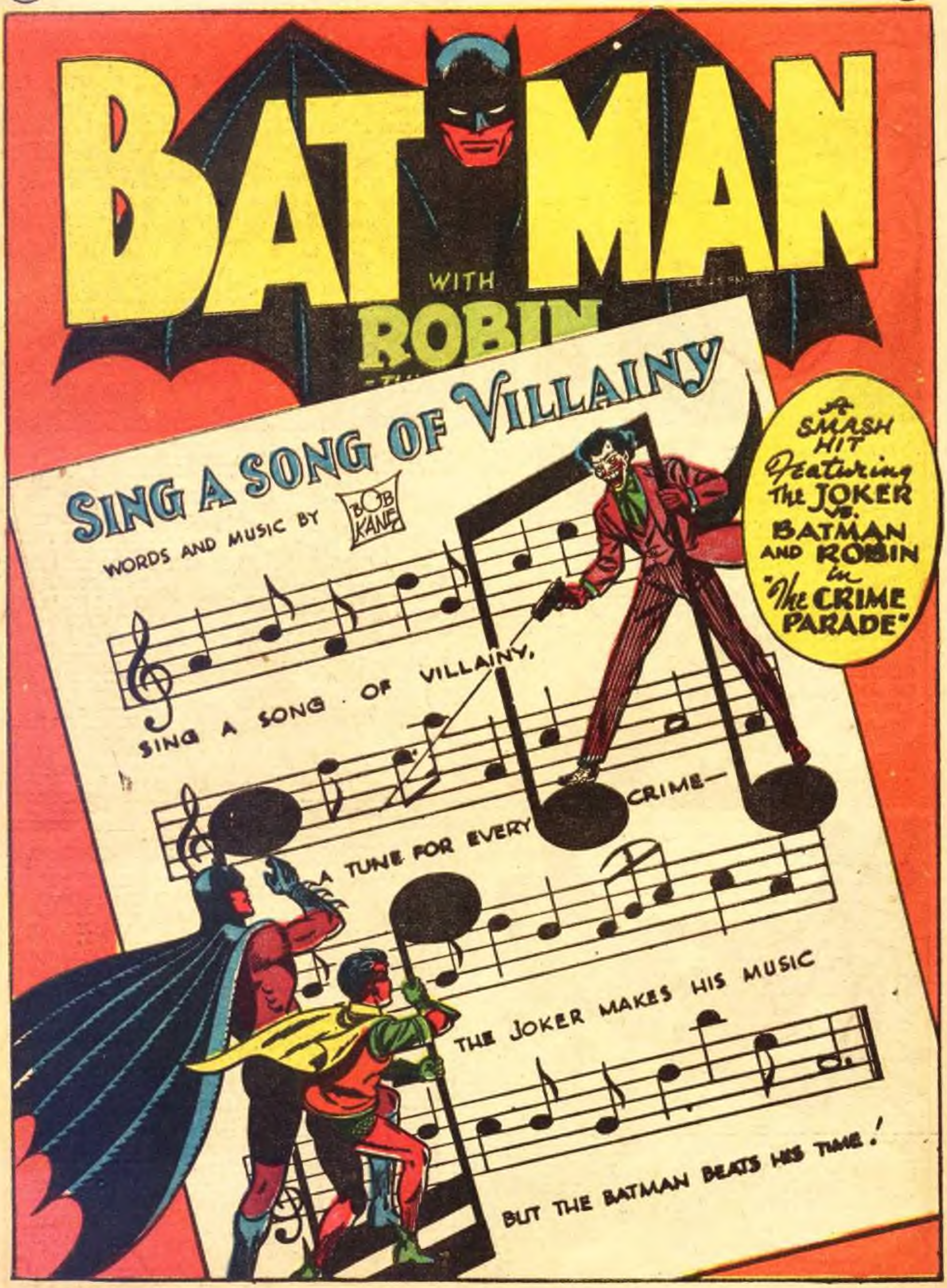

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
SING A SONG OF VILLAINY
WORDS AND MUSIC BY
BOB KANE
A SMASH HIT Featuring THE JOKER vs. BATMAN AND ROBIN in "The CRIME PARADE"
SING A SONG OF VILLAINY,
A TUNE FOR EVERY CRIME—
THE JOKER MAKES HIS MUSIC
BUT THE BATMAN BEATS HIS TIME!


A GROTESQUE FACE SPEAKS—
... AND NOW WE PRESENT—


—A FACE THAT IS THE WEIRDLY DESIGNED RADIO OF THAT CLOWN-PRINCE OF CRIME, THE JOKER!
—OUR DAILY PROGRAM OF POPULAR REQUEST SONGS—THE TUNE PARADE! THE SONG MOST REQUESTED TODAY IS "I FOUND A MILLION DOLLAR BABY!"
I'D LIKE TO FIND A MILLION DOLLARS—PERIOD!


THAT'S AN IDEA! WE CAN USE SONG TITLES FOR A STUNT TO BAFFLE BATMAN! A CRIME PARADE TO FOLLOW THE TUNE PARADE!
ONLY YOU COULD THINK OF AN IDEA LIKE THAT, CHIEF!


NEXT DAY, THE CRIME PARADE BEGINS!
... THE TUNE PARADE'S MOST REQUESTED SONG FOR TODAY IS "OLD MAN RIVER!"
THERE'S OUR CLUE FOR TODAY'S CRIME ... COME ON!


I THOUGHT WE WERE GOIN' TO BE RIVER PIRATES, BUT I GET IT NOW!
WM. RIVER DIAMOND MERCHANT
HA, HA! MR. RIVER WILL GET IT IN A MOMENT!


YOU'RE OLD MAN RIVER, BUT WE'LL KEEP ROLLING ALONG!
YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR KILLS ME, CHIEF!

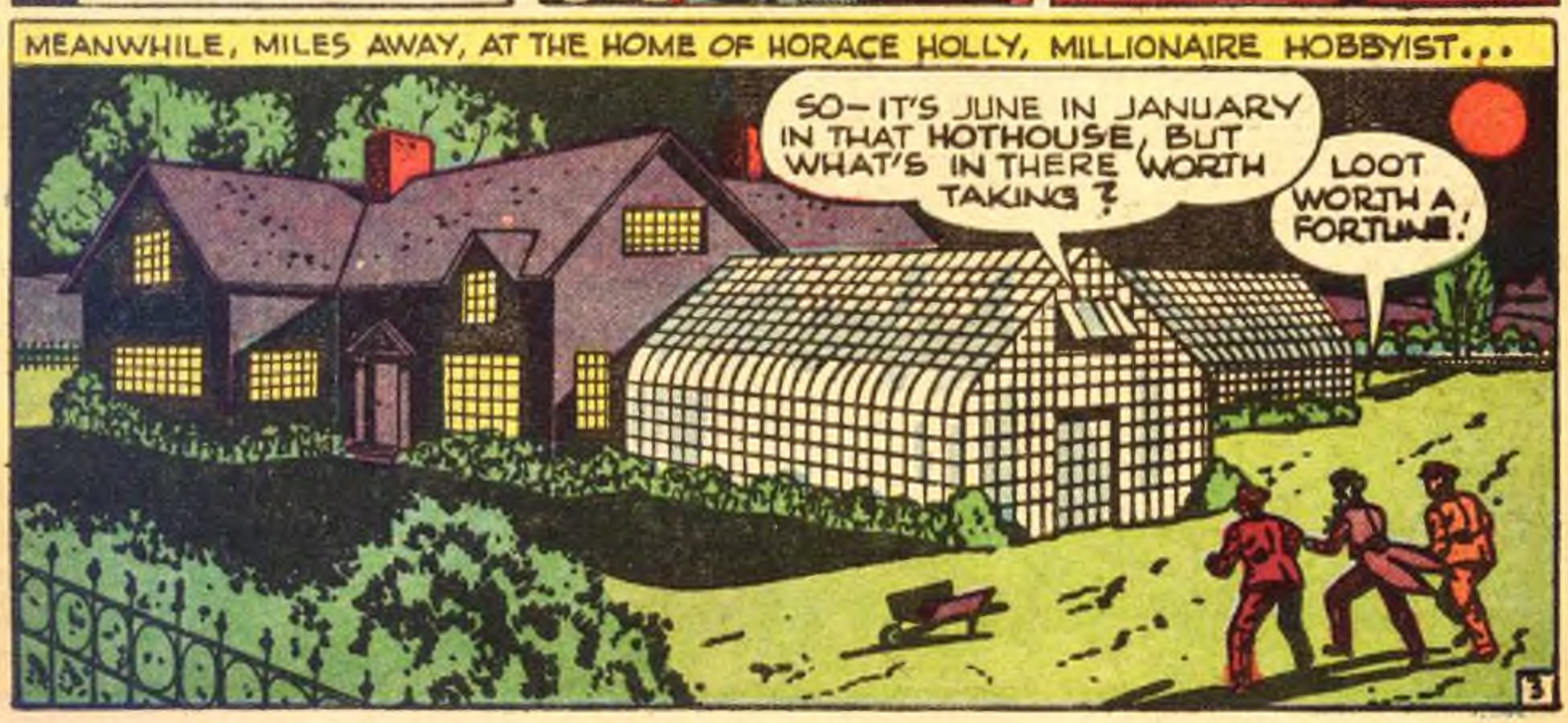

LATER, A WEIRD SIGN FLARES IN THE SKY OVER GOTHAM CITY!
BRUCE, LOOK— THE BAT-SIGNAL! COMMISSIONER GORDON NEEDS US!
WE'LL CHANGE TO BATMAN AND ROBIN AND SEE WHAT HE WANTS... GET OUT THE BATMOBILE!


SOON, IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...
THE JOKER ROBBED ME BECAUSE MY NAME IS RIVER, AND THE TUNE PARADE'S TOP TUNE TODAY WAS "OLD MAN RIVER"! HE SAID HE'LL FOLLOW THE TUNE PARADE WITH A CRIME EACH DAY!
SOUNDS LIKE HIS CRAZY HUMOR, ALL RIGHT!


NEXT DAY...
TO STOP THE JOKER WE MUST SOLVE THE TUNE PARADE CLUE BEFORE HE CAN COMMIT THE CRIME.
... TODAY'S MOST REQUESTED SONG IS "IT'S JUNE IN JANUARY!"

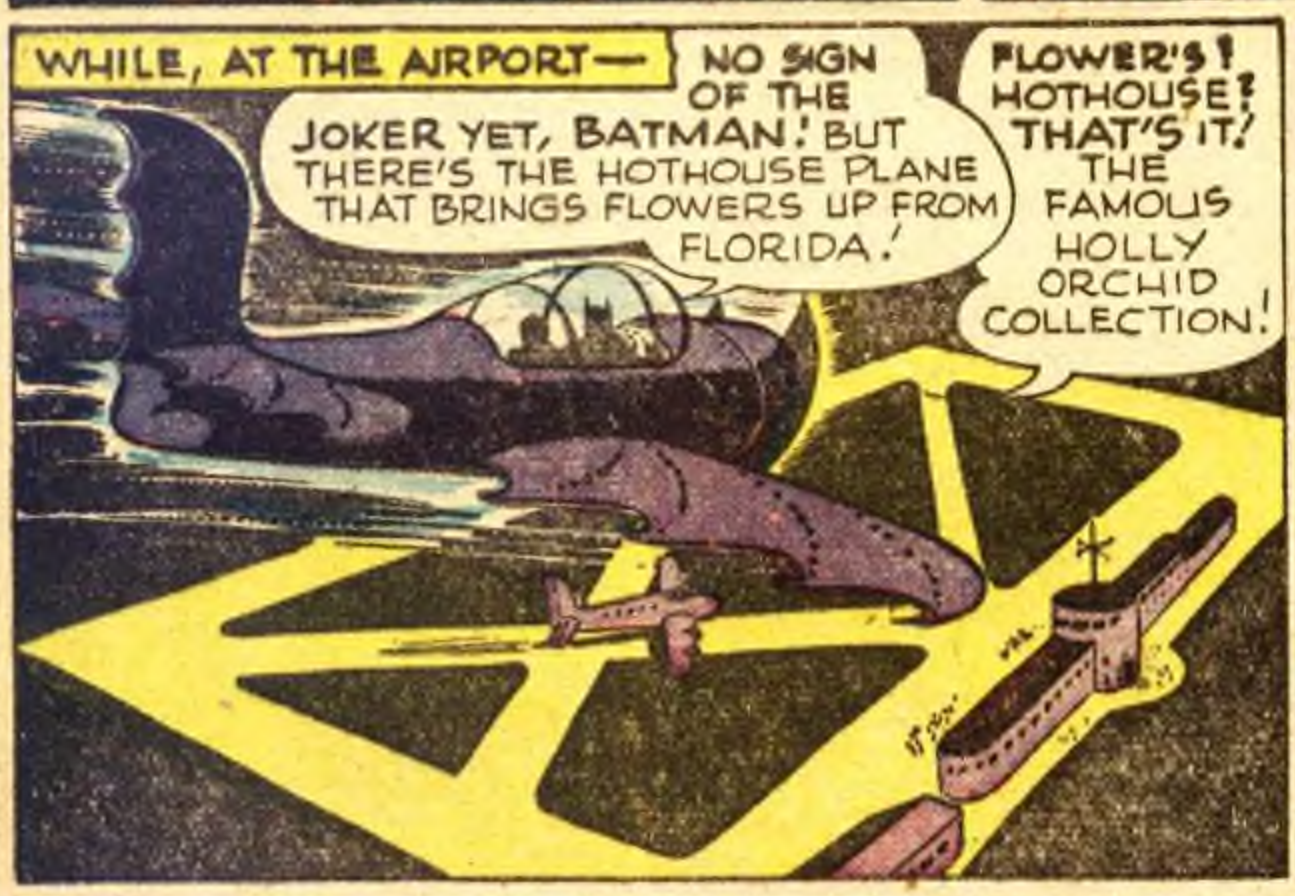

THE ONLY PLACE WHERE IT'S JUNE IN JANUARY IS IN FLORIDA!
YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT THE JOKER TO GO SO FAR AWAY FOR A CRIME!


WE'LL HOVER OVER THE AIRPORT AND CHECK ALL FLORIDA-BOUND PLANES FOR THE JOKER'S MOB!


MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY, AT THE HOME OF HORACE HOLLY, MILLIONAIRE HOBBYIST...
SO—IT'S JUNE IN JANUARY IN THAT HOTHOUSE, BUT WHAT'S IN THERE WORTH TAKING?
LOOT WORTH A FORTUNE!


BE SURE YOU KEEP IT WARM ENOUGH FOR MY ORCHIDS— WHO'S THAT?
HA! HA! WE COLLECT RARE ORCHIDS, TOO!


THESE RARE ORCHIDS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE! DIG UP THE BULBS— WE CAN SELL THEM TO OTHER COLLECTORS!
NO, NO! YOU'LL RUIN MY COLLECTION! IT'S MY LIFEWORK!

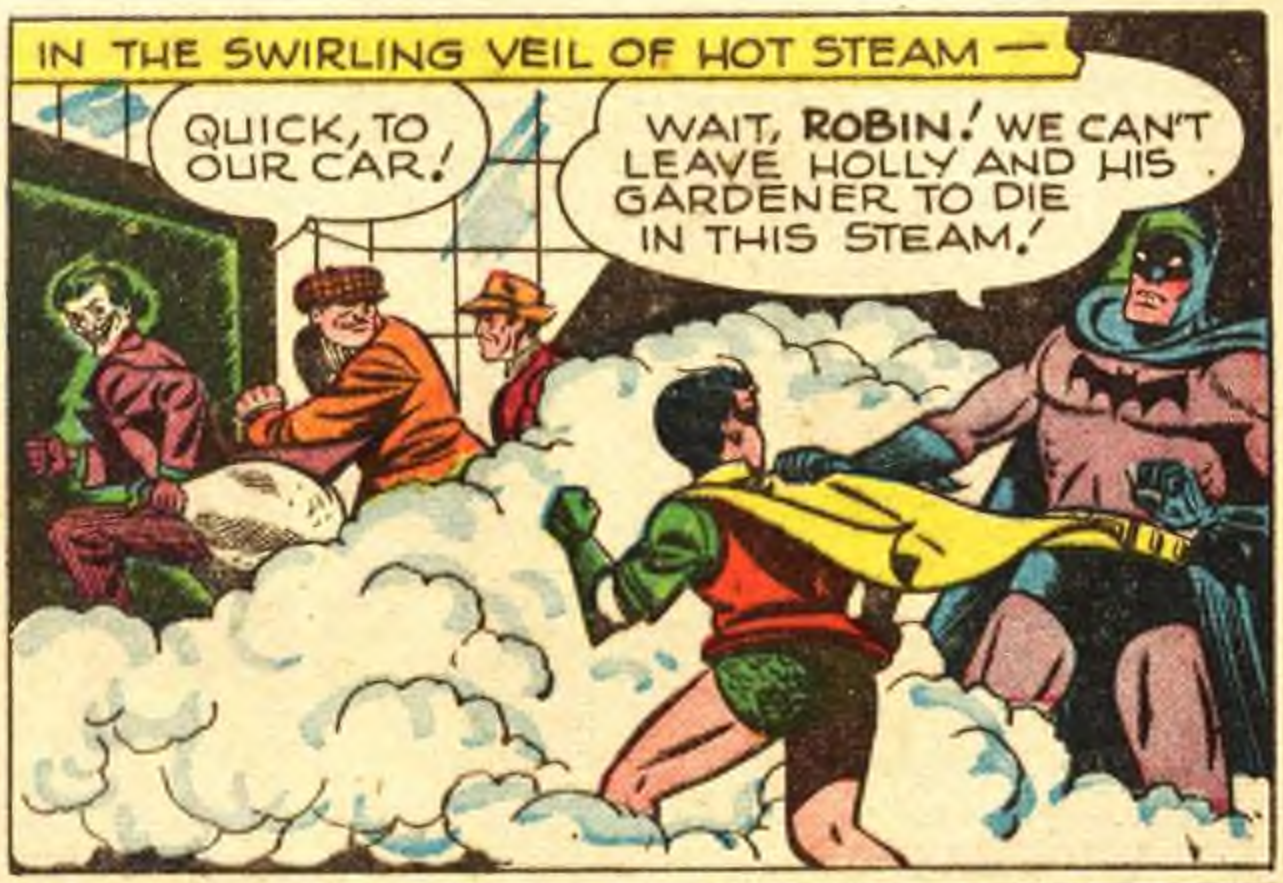

WHILE, AT THE AIRPORT—
NO SIGN OF THE JOKER YET, BATMAN! BUT THERE'S THE HOTHOUSE PLANE THAT BRINGS FLOWERS UP FROM FLORIDA!
FLOWER'S! HOTHOUSE! THAT'S IT! THE FAMOUS HOLLY ORCHID COLLECTION!


THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE!
THERE'S THE HOLLY PLACE BELOW! WE CAN LAND ON THE GYROSCOPIC STABILIZERS!


BATMAN! SO YOU GUESSED THE "JUNE IN JANUARY" GAG? BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE!
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO TRAP RATS!


SINCE YOU LIKE ORCHIDS— HERE'S ONE FOR YOU!
THIS HOTHOUSE IS GETTING TOO HOT FOR ME!

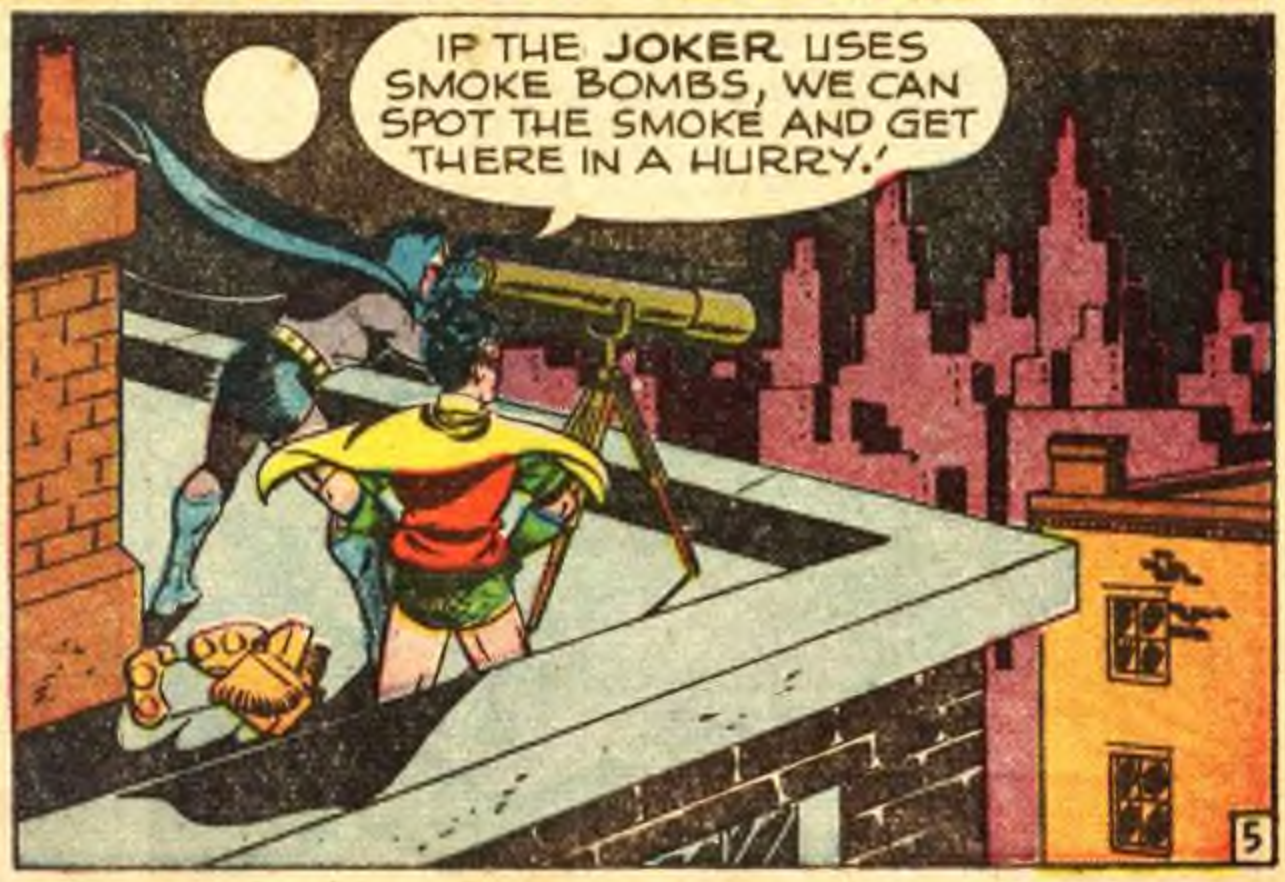

TURNING LOOSE THIS STEAM WILL MAKE IT EVEN HOTTER FOR BATMAN! HA, HA!
SSSSSSS


IN THE SWIRLING VEIL OF HOT STEAM —
QUICK, TO OUR CAR!
WAIT, ROBIN! WE CAN'T LEAVE HOLLY AND HIS GARDENER TO DIE IN THIS STEAM!


AFTER THE TWO HELPLESS, SUFFOCATING MEN HAVE BEEN RESCUED...
THE JOKER GOT AWAY WITH THE ORCHID BULBS!
OH— MY PRECIOUS FLOWERS!


NEXT DAY, AS THE TUNE PARADE GOES ON THE AIR...
WE MUST NOT MISS ANOTHER SONG CLUE! THIS CRIME PARADE HAS TO STOP!
—MOST REQUESTED SONG TODAY IS "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES"!


I'LL BET THE JOKER WILL MATCH THAT SONG WITH A CRIME COVERED BY SMOKE BOMBS! SO, WE'LL TAKE THESE OXYGEN MASKS!


IF THE JOKER USES SMOKE BOMBS, WE CAN SPOT THE SMOKE AND GET THERE IN A HURRY!


BUT INSTEAD OF SMOKE APPEARING TO MARK THE SCENE OF A SONG-CRIME, SMOKE DISAPPEARS.!
CHOKING THIS CHIMNEY WILL FLOOD THE WAREHOUSE WITH SMOKE.! GET YOUR MASKS ON.!
SMOKE IS ABOUT TO GET INTO THE WATCHMEN'S EYES.! HA, HA.!
SAND
SAND
SAND
SAND


BUT KEEN EYES SEE THE SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE CITY SKY-LINE.!
THAT'S ODD.! THE CHIMNEY IN THAT BIG BUILDING SUDDENLY STOPPED SMOKING.!
THAT'S A SILK WARE-HOUSE.! COME ON—


THE SUPREME ACROBATS TAKE A SHORTCUT TO DAUNT THE JOKER'S DARING PLOT.!


GOT YOUR MASK ON? THE PLACE IS FULL OF SMOKE.!
CHECK.! IT WON'T GET IN MY EYES.!


BATMAN AND THE BRAT AGAIN.! THEY'RE GETTING TOO GOOD AT SONG DETECTING.!
AND THEY'VE GOT MASKS ON, TOO.!


I'M GETTING ALL TANGLED UP IN THIS SILK.!
HA, HA.! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.!


I CAN USE A SILK ROPE, TOO, YOU SEE.!
LOOK OUT, ROBIN!


THE WARNING IS TOO LATE! ROBIN IS PINIONED BY THE SILK.!
I'LL PUSH THE BRAT OUT OF THE WINDOW UNLESS YOU LET US GO FREE, BATMAN.!
DON'T PROMISE HIM ANYTHING, BATMAN.!


I'LL AGREE IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO HARM ROBIN.!
SURE, WE'LL JUST HOLD HIM AS A HOSTAGE.!


I'LL TRAIL YOU AND MAKE YOU PAY DOUBLE IF YOU HARM ROBIN.!
HA, HA.! YOU CAN'T TRAIL US FOR YOU CAN'T SOLVE THE TUNE PARADE SONG CLUES IN TIME.!


WITH ROBIN A PRISONER OF THE CRIME-CLOWN, A TENSE, GRIM BATMAN MAKES PLANS...
I'VE GOT TO FIND THE JOKER'S LAIR QUICKLY, AND MY ONLY CLUE IS THE TUNE PARADE SONGS...
HOW CAN THEY HELP YOU FIND HIM?


THE TUNE PARADE'S TOP TUNE IS DECIDED BY THE LARGEST NUMBER OF REQUESTS. THE JOKER MUST "FIX" THE SONG SELECTION BY HAVING HIS THUGS WRITE HUNDREDS OF REQUEST LETTERS!
RIGHT! AND YOU CAN TRACE THE LETTERS!

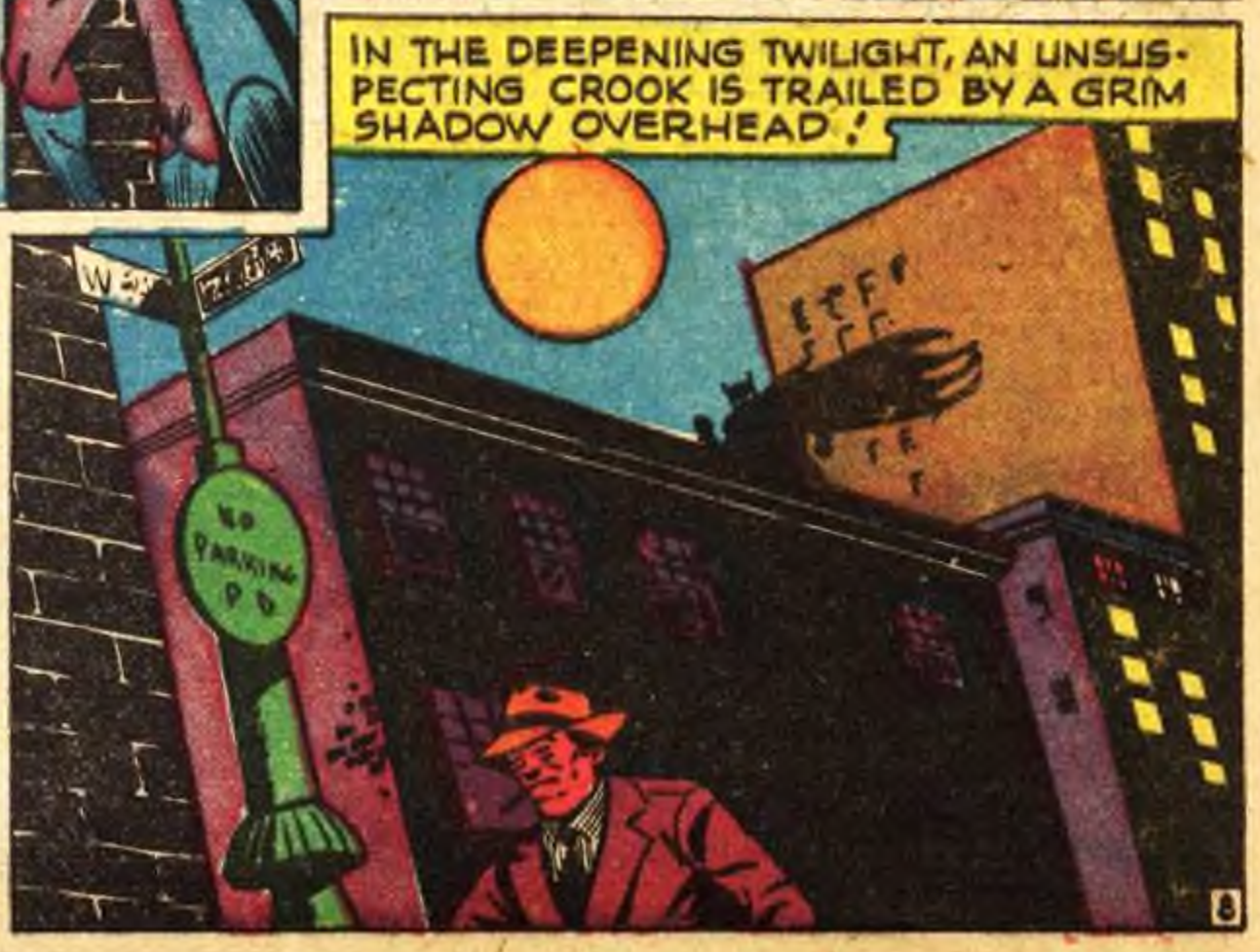

AT GOTHAM CITY POST OFFICE...
INSPECTOR, CAN YOU FIND OUT WHERE A BIG BATCH OF LETTERS IS MAILED DAILY TO THE TUNE PARADE?
I'LL ASK OUR MAIL COLLECTORS.


THE LAST FEW DAYS I'VE PICKED UP A BIG BATCH OF SUCH LETTERS FROM THE WATER STREET MAILBOX!
THEN WE'LL WATCH THAT BOX!


LATER...
IT'S NEARLY NIGHT AND NOBODY HAS MAILED A BIG BATCH OF LETTERS AT THAT BOX YET!


LETTERS
WAIT! THERE'S SOMEONE WITH A LOT OF LETTERS NOW!
AND HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE JOKER'S THUGS!


MOMENTS LATER...
YES, ALL THESE LETTERS ARE TO THE TUNE PARADE! IT'S ONE OF THE JOKER'S MEN ALL RIGHT, AND HE'LL LEAD ME TO THE JOKER—AND ROBIN!


IN THE DEEPENING TWILIGHT, AN UNSUSPECTING CROOK IS TRAILED BY A GRIM SHADOW OVERHEAD!
NO PARKING


BATMAN


BATMAN!

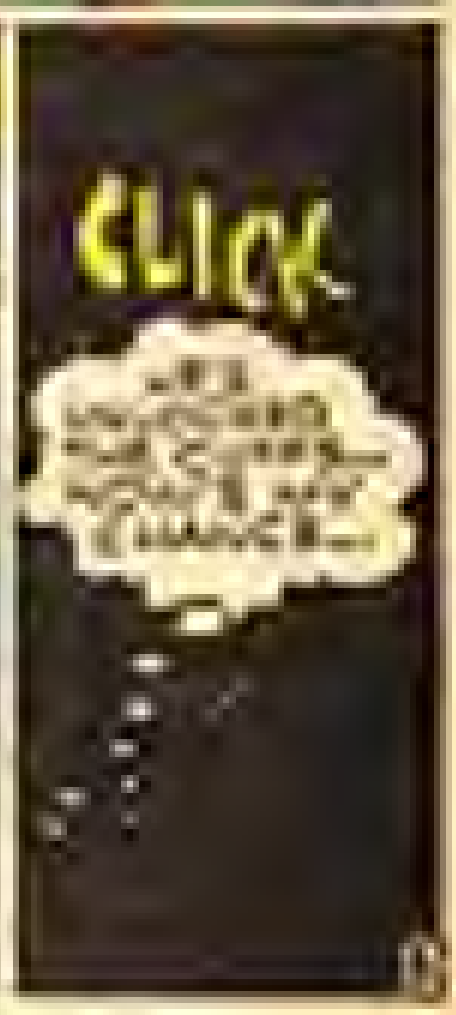

BATMAN!


Dizzy DENNIS
CHAMPION ECONOMY OF 1946
I EAT MY WHEATIES
WHEATIES
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

SWIFTY SEAMER WINS FOR BEATLES

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY


AIR WAVE
"The Crime Express"


CLICK


ARGH!


ARE NOISE!


THIS IS THE END OF ROBIN, BUT SURE!
ALRIGHT, OKAY!


HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU THINK?


DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE OK TODAY?


Tootsie
RADAR RECON
YOU DON'T NEED RADAR TO DISCOVER HOW SMELL A TOOTSIE ROLL IS?
Tootsie Roll


WILLIE

KNOCKOUT

by Stan Carter

"BILLY CARTER!" growled his justice, Ola Blackman, with a chuckle. "He's a fighter." As usual, the solid-looking Swede had the penny exactly, which was proved by Billy's dull, quiet and quick. It was still a half hour before opening time, but Billy, who wanted to be a boxer, had come in early in order to get some practice on the punching bag.

This morning, however, he noticed that the usually cheerful Olaf seemed listless and depressed. Pulling on the punching bag gloves, Billy went over. "What's the matter, Olaf?" he said. "You don't look very happy."

Olaf's eyes sculpted Billy's clean face. "I'm all right, Mr. Billy," he said. "But tell me, do you think your father will be home?"

"No. Dad's gone to Atlantic City, on a vacation. He won't be back until day after tomorrow." Billy glared a glared hard at the little man's shoulder. "What is it, Olaf? Can't you tell me?"

The justice shook his head. "Not right now. Maybe later." He forced a smile. "I go get some boys to have the right back."

"Fine." Billy looked at the clock. It was almost opening time, and, although business didn't get brisk in Carter's Arcade until the afternoon, Billy's father always insisted on opening at nine sharp.

Billy walked over to the showing gallery, set the mechanical contraptions in motion. He put in the plugs for the jackpots that open and electrically and started the pinball games. A moment later he opened the front door.

He had almost given up the idea of doing any bag pounding, but since it was actually about ten minutes before opening time, he decided to try out the dummy. One, two, three, Officer Terence Levine had shown him the night before at the "Y."

Officer Terry, a German Swedish, had picked up the trick boxer nickname in the South Pacific, where he had been stationed on an enlisted island. It usually improved his punch bag rhythm. . . .

Billy measured the bag, taking easy strokes at first, then landing a regular right-left combination. As he pounded, he thought about Olaf. "Something really bad must be troubling him." Billy thought. "Olaf usually has a smile." He tried to recall whether Olaf did any pounding, but couldn't. As far as both Billy and his father knew, Olaf lived a quiet, responsible life in a furnished room on the other side of the tracks.

It was an immigrant neighborhood, rough and hard. Mr. Carter had offered to give Olaf a room in his own house, but the justice had declined. "I have been down so long, Mr. Carter," he had explained. "That's would be hard for me to change."

Billy swung a vicious punch at the bag, almost knocking it from its hanger. He shook his head. "Could Olaf Terry Ola's son that way," he grumbled. "Not if I could I can do anything for all the times he's right." He started to make for the bag again, then stopped as two customers entered.

As he turned to look at the two men, he noticed they were both short and squat. They wore dark suits and snap brim hats. But it was their eyes that caught Billy's eye: piercing, cold, hard eyes.

"You got a junction here named Olaf?" one of the men asked. His voice was clipped, snappy.

"Yes. But he's not here right now. He'll —" Billy snapped. "He's gone home."

The second man stepped forward. Billy was actually surprised for the blow hurled at him, he backed back, and one kid said, "Back off."

The man who had first spoken opened his coat, pulled an evil looking gun from a shoulder holster.

"If you [illegible] to you, will hear the truth," the man who had struck Billy said, where he had been stationed on an enlisted island. It usually improved his punch bag rhythm. . . .

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"If you [illegible] to you, will hear the truth," the man who had struck Billy said,

"I'm Carmine." He grabbed Billy by the arm. "That jacket's coming back with me, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Okay, wiseguy. Now you're being bright," Carmine said. "You keep pushing that bag. And when the swagging jacket comes in, your old grama up nickel, no harness? If that's people in the jacket, you're just going long on gambit. Put bag, or nickel, on the counter. Right, Friday?"

Friday tapped his gun. "Right, Carmine. Right, as usual." He looked toward the door. "Now's welcome. Remember, bright boy."

There wasn't time to argue. Billy made change, a quarter into pocket. Billy made the change, then stood indecisive. So this was what Olly was worried about. There were more billies, undoubtedly. And they were out to get Olly! But why?

"But what can I do to help him?" Billy asked himself helplessly. He looked over at the two gunmen, who were pretending to be busy at the vending gallery. Carmine was keeping an eye on the door. If only, Billy thought, there were some way to warn Olly before he came in.

A wave of desperation gripe were him as he saw Olly appear in the door. The jacketed dude's and the two men, who hustled Olly barrier to dim. Olly's face wrinkled a little laughter. He signal men to Billy, who was standing near the bag.

"You gonna real agency, Billy," he said. "In the gallery gamma. I—"

He stopped, his eyes bulged. Carmine and Friday were standing behind him. Now they were beside him, blocking his way. "That's what we thought you might do," Carmine said sarcastically. He flapped his arm Olly's arm, making the man wince with pain. "You doubt we'll run, wiseguy?"

"Wait a minute, Carmine! There's a way—" Friday whispered as a little-regarded man up passed to the doorway. Billy's heart leaped. It was Officer Terence Levine, his friend.

Friday's voice was cold. "We're going to stand by the ship," he said. "And if you don't want to get a bullet, kid—and the man behind you don't—you'd better get out of here. Fast."

Billy realized Officer Terry, because of

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anything serious, never stop. "How you doing with the bag, Billy?"

Billy's heart was pounding, and his legs were trembling. "I practiced routine, before the place opened. . . . Sure, I'll show you."

He lifted up the bag. For a moment . . . no a one. Officer Terry, smiling, watched Billy's skill. Then the smile faded slowly from his face, and a pained, wounded look replaced it. Billy began stepping and Officer Terry watched him for a few more moments.

Finally, he slapped Billy on the back. "Okay, Billy," he said. "I have to be going. Get to work in. See you on the return trip."

He went out. Carmine and Friday made grabbed the arms of the lightened Olly. "Smart boy," Carmine said. "You were a smart boy. Okay, some slang, wiseguy. We got a nice car waiting to take you for a ride."

Olly's face was white as he stepped out the door, his feet dragging. Suddenly, as if in a dream, he heard a sharp command. "All right, wiseguys, up with your hands!"

Carmine made the mistake of reaching for his gun. Olly ducked from the hoodlums' grip. Officer Terry's fist took care of him. The cuffed the lights in Friday. Meekly, he held out his hands for the cuffs.

Billy reached out. Officer Terry smiled at him. "It was complete, kid," he said. "Always wanted practiced, you could use in Marine under they were taking Olly for a ride. It was your. The grabbing a remarkable of play wiseguys." He turned to Olly. "Now, what's this all about?"

Olly gasped. "They're killers! I was down minding like 'employees, the Bronx, when he tried to stop them from holding up his money, this morning!"

"So they came to get you." Officer Terry said. He smiled, looked down at Billy. "But all they got was a rude to the head, eh Billy?" And Olly, I'll get the director chase here." He scowled. "Keep practicing on that bag, kid. That rhythm gag I learned from Sweet Smith Parlor museum isn't bad, eh, eh? They always put a radio on your trouble—you do to use a leaning bag to develop rhythm. Said he earth smoke with it. Not bad, eh?"


CHIEF
HOT FOOT
QUIT


QUICK! — HERE IS FOREST FIRE!


BUSH GOSSIPING!


CRASH!


SLAM
BRADLEY
IN THE NAME OF THE
Memory of
Jon Forrest
Mitchell


TURN!


YOW! SEAM!

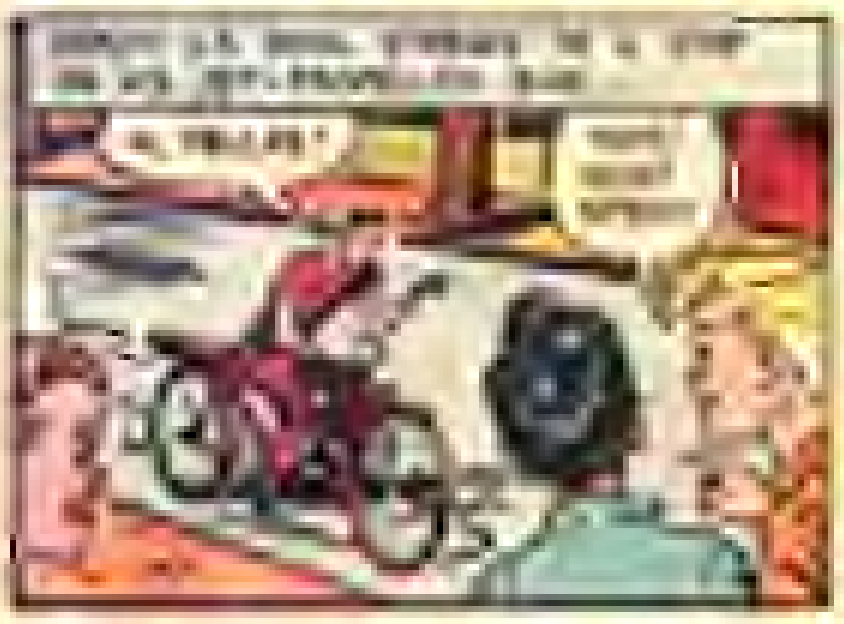

SHORTY NO! NO!

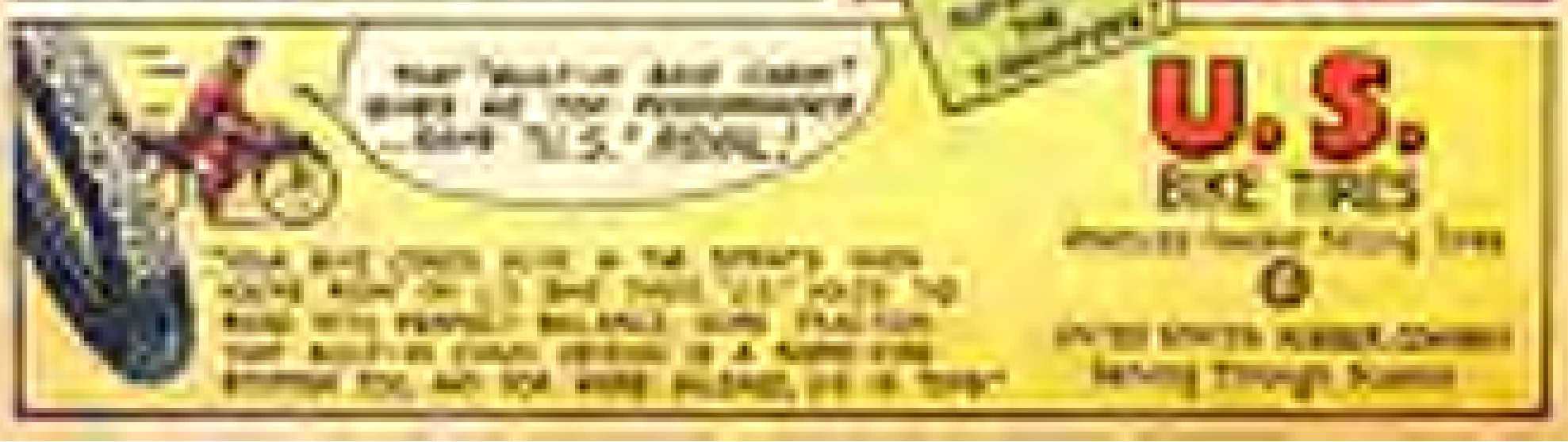
ALL YOU DO

ASK MOM TO GET YOU PEP

"U.S." ROYAL

JET-PROPELLED BIKE






The
DOOM COMMANDOS
Batman and Robin
in Lewisohn


ROOM THE GUARDS!


I'LL DONA THAT


THEN SUP AND THE BOYS CRASH THE DOOR


A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW


Bob Feller
WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER
Says
"BOYS and GIRLS
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GENUINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"
ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED" CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!
Popsicle Pete
will send you—
FREE
Popsicle
COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS
Fudgsicle
CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT
Creamsicle
RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED
Chocsicle
RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED
SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES
Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from these products.
Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPORATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS."
Popsicle Pete
FUN BOOK
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